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## The Contrabandist;

TRUE STORY THE SOUTH

CHAPTER IV .- (Continued.) Rose was very proud of her flowers, ing his clenched hand with muttered and she loved them, too. This morning she had brought the first of the rare white roses which had opened in the warm sunshine on her favorite tree. She was continuing her way, when a shadow fell across the sunlit path, and startled her. Raising her head, she beheld her cousin Gasparde.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle Rose," he said. Carelessly and briefly she returned his

salutation, and was hurrying on to escape from his unwelcome presence, when he laid his hand on her arm. "Stop a moment, Cousin Rose; I want

to ask you a question. I came over to the cottage a moment ago, and found neither your father nor yourself at home. I wanted to see him on business. I caught sight of you coming along the road here, and so hurried on to overtake you to ask you where he is."

"He is at the house of neighbor Antoine, I believe," answered Rose, coldly; "at least, he said he was going there. But let me go, if you please, Gasparde," and she slipped her arm away from his hand, whose lightest touch was disagreeable to her-"let me go; I am in a great hurry. I am going to the chateau.'

"O, are you?" he said, coldly; "then I will accompany you as far as neigrbor Antoine's, where I may meet your father. One always likes company on so lonely a road as this."

He walked on by her side, whistling did not speak again for a long while. Rose was in dread lest the subject of discussion which had arisen between them the night before should be renewed. But he kept on, whistling and meditating by turns, without recurring to it; and hoping, as they went on, that he did not mean to trouble her with it again, she began to feel somewhat relieved.

At length, however, he stopped whistling and glanced down at his compan- from Lyons last night."

"They say the Count d'Artois has ar- terrace steps as they went up. rived at the chateau," he remarked. Rose was silent, though she saw some rejoinder was expected.

'I suppose there will be gay doings there now," he went on, seeing that she did not mean to speak; "for the count is a gay man, and not a very good one, either," he added, maliciously, though he knew nothing whatever of the count's "People tell that he is a

great spendthrift." Yet Rose was silent, though her cheeks grew hotter. It was nothing to her what character the gentleman might bear: for was she not almost an utter stranger to him? But she had seen him, and conceived a good opinion of him, and she was ashamed and indignant at Gas-

parde's mischievous, ill-natured remarks. "Report says, too," continued Gas-parde, "that he is about to marry his beautiful cousin, Mademoiselle Helen, do you think of all that, Cousin Rose?" for he was determined, by a direct ques tion, to make her speak to him.

"I think you are very wicked and very disagreeable," she answered plainly, "in pulling other people's characters to pieces, and a gossip who meddles with other people's affairs. Fie on you, Gasparde! I am ashamed of you;" and she

"Hard words-hard words, Mademoiselle," said Gasparde, speaking in a careless tone, and biting his lips to conceal the vexation caused by her sharp reproof; "but coming from such pretty lips, I never could take them for earnest in the world. Do you know, Cousin Rose, I have heard it said that a woman ever treats worst the man she best likes; so I take your hard handling for so many compliments, and feel quite flattered by

Rose grew a little paler; but she neither looked at nor answered him. And still she hurried on, glad that she was so near the end of her walk, for she had almost reached the ascent to the chateau. "Well, cousin," said Gasparde, "I hope

you have thought better of the offer which I made to you last night."

"No, nor ever shall," she answered, resolutely, though with a slight tremulousness of tone.

"That is a great pity; for I am resolved to have you, at all events, my dear, so you need not be shy. And now. there is another question still, Rose. I suppose you haven't seen this rascally young count of whom we have been

There was a sneer in his tone. His evil glance, in a sidelong direction, scanned the young girl's countenance.

"O, you won't tell, eh?" he said. suppose if I should ask a closer question, I might get you to talk. Was he at the cottage last night, or this morning?" "I will not tell you," she uttered, trembling in every limb with fear and indignation. And she attempted to spring up the path; but he seized her hand and prevented her. "Not so fast, my dear. I must keep

you a little longer. Listen, now. I know he was there, although you have been very careful not to tell me; for the tracks of a horse's feet and a gentleman's boots are in the soil outside, the latter belonging to the count, I am pretty sure. I have his measure. But he won't come there again, mind that! Now, my pretty cousin, you may give me a

"Gasparde, let me go!" she cried, in terror and disgust, as he held her hand. "O, you won't give me one, will you?

Why, then, I must take it." "Must you? There are two words to that bargain, my man!"

It was a light form that sprang out of the thicket by the wayside; a resolute voice that uttered these words: a graceful arm with iron force that laid the rascal, at one stroke, prostrate on the earth. as if he had suddenly come upon some And Gasparde, lying at the feet of his lovely picture touched with the warmest phone as well at night as by day. assailant, was almost insane with rage. coloring and most perfect grace of the He had seen that form, heard that voice, painter's art.

And Count Louis stood there quietly, And it was not her face alone that will send her 20,000 immigrants.

his return.

as Gasparde rose again to his feet, shakthe door. menaces, and seemingly inclined to re-"Come, you want some more, my fine

fellow, I think," said the gentleman. "If that is the case, I can finish you as well now as any time. You deserve a sound thrashing, and I am quite willing to administer it. Are you ready to receive it?" The man gave a vengeful glance, another warning with that clenched hand, and, turning, walked rapidly down the ascent, without uttering a word.

turn the attack.

The count looked after him an instant, and then joined Rose, who, with blended fear and interest, had watched this brief

"Ah, monsieur, I thank you very much!" she said, gratefully, as he advanced towards her.

"And I am very glad that I happened to be near," he returned, with a frank smile, "to chastise the insolent fellow, Why, he was over-bold, Rose! Who is

"A worthless cousin of mine, monsieur," replied Rose, "who has undertaken to annoy me occasionally of late. I hope his well-deserved punishment will teach him better manners for the future.'

"I hope so; but it will be best to beware of him now. You must keep, as much as possible, out of his way.' "That I have always done, monsieur.

But he has never been so daring before." "I think I heard him mention me, Rose. some gay air from time to time; but he What did he say?" asked the young count. Rose Lamonte blushed slightly, as she

replied. "He said that you should never come to the cottage again."

"Ah, yes; I heard it; I remember now. And he knew of my visit by the footprints? He must have been watching me closely. Yet, where could he have seen me? I only completed the journey

The good marquis was standing on the kindly to Rose. "Out so early with your roses?"

She smiled. "Yes, monsieur; and they are very fine

"Yes, indeed. And you have brought rare supply of them. But, after all, you will earry back more than you bring. Your walk has done you good, I see;' and he smilingly stroked her damask cheek, to which the exercise, and a little excitement together, had indeed brought

the sweetest of roses. Coloring still more deeply, our heroine, with laughing eyes, ran up the steps, and disappeared within the entrance of the

The young count related to his uncle the incident which had occurred during his morning's ramble. The good marquis The contract was made years ago. What | listened with interested attention, and strongly evinced sympathy.

"The rascal!" he said, indignantly, as he heard of Gasparde's rudeness. "I am glad you gave him a suitable correction. That fellow marry Rose!" "It is to be supposed that her father

will resent his insolence." "O, undoubtedly-undoubtedly. Louis. He is a stern man, that Hugh Lamonte. and will teach Gasparde his business after this. He is a strange, stern man, silent and reserved, and almost a hermit. as one might say. He seldom leaves home; works in his little garden, and tills the thrifty patch of soil adjoining it from morning till night, or cuts in the forest the wood which is to serve for his winter's fuel, and often a load to carry to the town on market days, with the produce from his land, as may not be required for his own use. He has, I think, no nemies; yet he seems disinclined to court the friendship of any, though the few neighbors about him, among the farm houses, are kindly disposed toward him,

He is apart from them-a distant charac-"And a peculiar one, from your descrip-

and every one of them loves little Rose.

"Precisely. He lives a peasant's life, and wears a peasant's garb, and yet he can assume ay, and he does, at times, the bearing of a very king. The humility of his position is belied by the spirit and demeanor of the man. He is uncommunicative, distant, almost haughty, toward all others; to his child, he is the tender-

est, most affectionate of parents." "You interest me, uncle. How long

have you known this man?" "He came into the neighborhood some twelve or thirteen years ago, and settled in the place where he dwells at present. remote from every other habitation. His wife, it is supposed, or has been gather- gether meant danger. One smoke simed from some remarks made by him or Rose, was dead. Rose herself was then a little creature of, perhaps, three or four years. A peasant he may be by birth, but I cannot treat him like one. I con-

fess, he perplexes me." "I do not marvel at it. What a mystery the man must be! I have the greatest curiosity to behold him."

"That you will doubtless do, sooner or later, though it will be with difficulty. I sion. think, that you will obtain communica - If he was an old-timer he might intion with him. But here comes our Rose of the wilderness."

And, as he spoke, the young girl appeared at the door. "Uncle," said Louis, "I must go back with her, to see her safely to the end of as the column of smoke puffs, namely,

fellow again." right," returned the marquis. Louis could not help observing how much more beautiful, if possible: looked first seen her, although, even then, it was

felt the weight of that arm, to his cost | "How pretty she is!" thought the count; "and she is only sixteen."

was thus charming, as he shorely found, nor the innate grace of her manner; for Rose Lamonte possessed quick and delicate perceptions, a refined love of the beautiful, and a mind cultivated to a degree extremely unusual in one of her station, yet scarcely surprising in her. For both her father and Mademoiselle Montauban had taken pains to improve a naturally fine intellect, that expanded daily with the care bestowed upon it; and Louis was more deeply gratified than he could express, on recognizing this mental worth, combined, as it was, with such physical perfection.

A brief walk it was from the chateau to the cottage. So, at least, it seemed to the count. He smiled as they reached

"How soon we are here!" he said. "I think the distance must have been estimated incorrectly. I think we have been hardly half an hour in coming. Is your

father at home, Rose?" He was not there. Louis did not go n, but stood an instant by the door and

looked about him. "What a pleasant little place this is!" said he. "Rose, I should like to take a sketch of it, some day, with you sitting t work."

He paused a moment longer; bent to nhale the fragrance of the mignonette in its box on the window ledge, and then turned to his pretty companion again. "Adieu, my little friend." He touched

her hand in a half-assured clasp. "Adieu, monsieur. You have been very good to come so far with me." "It was a pleasure." He smiled, turn-

ed away, and was gone. And Rose, after a moment's thoughtful glance at his receding figure, went in, and prepared her father's dinner against

"I will have no insolence, Gasparde, mind that! You will keep away from Rose in the future. She detests you, and your language and conduct of this morning fully justify her in so doing. I warn you. You know my character; beware of arousing me by a repetition of this." Hugh Lamonte, at sunset, had been standing at his door, and Gasparde, returning to his home beyond the forest from the village, where he had passed the day, was obliged to pause on the path leading past the cottage, to receive the stern reprimand of the former. He feared Hugh; he could not escape, by a

orders. I must clear my hands of this business soon. I am getting sick of it." have a rare sweep of it, when I get affairs under my management. You will abdicate, monsieur, in my favor. Excel-

"Go," said Hugh Lamonte, coldly, at length, as he looked up once moreotherwise, you would receive from me now something more serious than the reproof I have given you. Go!" And he turned and went into the cottage, shutting the door behind him.

"Oh, I will pay you finely-won't I, monsieur?" muttered Gasparde, between his clenched teeth, and making a menacing motion towards the direction. "And the count, too. I have a reckoning with both of you, a long one. Never fear but I will pay it well; and then for my pretty Rose, of whom you are so jealous!" (To be continued.)

LONG-DISTANCE SIGN TALK.

moke Pillers and Fiery Arrows Were Indian Metho Is of Communication. Talking by smoke was one of the American plains in the early days of understood the significance of the spires of smoke which he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and answered in kind from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians across miles of intervening country, and was used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or in warning them of a retreat when that seemed necessary.

The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings and puffs, knowing that such a column would at once be noticed and understood to be a signal, and not the smoke from some ordinary camp-fire.

The rings were made by covering the fire with a blanket for a moment, then board or boards the width of the wagsuddenly removing the blanket and allowing the smoke to ascend, when the the proper slope to make the ascent fire was instantly covered up again, easy. Across the board cleats are The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within a circle of end are bored two or three holes as perhaps twenty or thirty miles: "Look

out, there is an enemy near." A writer in the Chicago Tribune explains that three smokes built close toply said, "Attention." Two meant, Camp at this place."

To one who has traveled upon the plains the usefulness of this long-distance telephone becomes at once apparent. Sometimes at night the tray- it.-Indianapolis News, eler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the line of vi-

terpret the signals, and know that one fire-arrow-an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark-meant the same her way. She may meet that insolent "An enemy is near." Two fire-arrows meant "Danger." Three arrows said. "You are right, my dear boy-you are "This danger is great." Several arrows said, "The enemy are too many for us." Two arrows shot up into the air at once meant, "We shall attack." Rose this morning, than when he had Three at once said, "We attack now." Thus the untutored savage could tele-



No "New-Fangled" Farming. Now the farmer dons his go-to-meetin'

And he hies him to a grangers' institute, There to hear, in learned lectures, Agricultural conjectures And to hark to professorial dispute.

On the platform sit the experts, wise, sedate, Mach with hoards of useful knowledge

'neath his pate. And they tell the farmer how He should milk the speckled cow In the fashion most approved and up to date.

just here in the sunshine in the doorway, There are papers on "Rotation of the Crops,' Dissertations on "The Proper Poles for Hops,'

> And a long, intense debate On the question, grave and great, "Should the Barn Be Cleansed with Pitchforks or with Mops?"

'How to Trace the Wily Weasels to Their Sources," 'Helpful Hints on Painless Dentistry for Horses,

"How to Build a Stack of Oats"

say.

As a "Winter Shed for Goats"-There are many more such edifying Now the farmer sagely node at all they

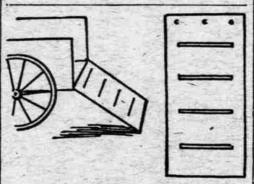
And at sundown, having spent a pleasant day, Homeward hastens to his toil And proceeds to till the soil In the very good old-fashioned Jersey

way. -Newark News. Care of Work Horses.

Food and care of work horses in warm weather is a subject that is worthy of extensive discussion. Ordinardisplay of his usual bravado, the bitter lly farm horses will do better if turnseverity of Hugh's words, and, in these ed to grass at night than if kept on circumstances, his last resort was a sul- dry feed. It is much better for their len silence, which indicated the spirit in feet, and the change from dry to green "Good! I shall road animals mistakes are often made on a journey. One should start off at speed, if this is necessary, after a mile "go; or two has been covered. On the road it is sufficient—the lesson which I hear or in the field, it is usually well to the count has taught you this morning; lessen the pace somewhat just before

unhitching, as the animal will then get much more good from the food consumed. Horses should be watered as frequently as possible, and it is much better if they are made to take the bulk of their drink before meals rather than after. During warm weather the horses will do much more work if they are given water some time during the middle of the forenoon and afternoon.

Farmers have a vast deal of hard lifting to do at best, and, therefore, should be quite willing to adopt any suggestions that are practical which will lighten their labors. One of the hard tasks on the farm is loading promeans of communication upon the duce into the wagon. The illustration shows a plan whereby one can walk travel. This kind of talk soon became directly into the wagon with any basintelligible to the traveler, so that he ket one has in hand, and thus save the heavy lifting which would be nec-



WAGON LOADING ATTACHMENT.

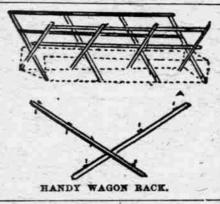
essary without this attachment. A on body are cut long enough to give nailed at proper distances, and in one shown in the illustration. In the wagon body hooks are fastened at distances to correspond with the holes in the board. When the board is in use simply lift it so that the holes will come over the hooks and it is secure. The cost of making such an attachment to the wagon is small and after one has used it for a while he will wonder how he ever got along without

Grass for Reseeding. In reseeding meadows and pastures, particularly the latter, orchard grass has a value that is not appreciated. While there may be some question as to its feeding value as compared to timothy, in reseeding one does not expect to obtain prime hay, the main object being to make the meadow longer lived. Orchard grass will stand hot and dry weather splendidly, seemingly doing its best when other grasses ting and do well on it, which is not

with clover for reseeding pastures and has found it by far the cheapest seeding and the best results on light and rather sandy soil. It is well worth testing if you are not familiar with it.

A Handy Wagon Rack,

The ordinary rack, such as is used on a farm wagon, is very heavy, and while it may be necessary to have such weight when carting of large loads is done, a lighter rack readily handled by one man would be a convenience for field loading. In the upper part of the illustration the rack is shown in the wagon box, the latter being indicated boy usually, but he did not like having formers is that the first performer in by the dotted lines, the lower part of his face washed. To be seized and asking those questions names some the illustration shows the details of each section of the rack. These sections are made of 2x2 material and held together where they lap with a bolt. Figures 1 on this section indicate where the side pieces are to be attached. Each side of the rack is placed in position in the wagon, as shown, and when not in use can be folded up, taken from the wagon and stored in any



convenient place. The cost of such a rack is very small and all of the aunty rather reluctantly. He felt that work, with the possible exception of he must be good with aunty, but how placing the bolts, can be done on the he did hate to have his face washed!

One of the troubles with crimson clover in the North is that it frequently winter-kills, despite the utmost care. Try the plan of adding one-quarter of with four or five pounds of red clover seed: the latter being somewhat more hardy will act as a protection during the winter. It is quite as good for said Lester, already amused. feeding, if the clover is for that pur-"Do not come hither again. Keep where you belong, among your fellows. I shall be there to night at the for overleading making ma be there to-night, at the rendezvous. And that of overloading, making two horses While the usual plan is to sow the passed lovingly over the little forerun is not economy. The majority of | tion of the corn, better results are teamsters injure their horses by feed- often had by sowing the seed alone "Getting sick of it, is he?" muttered ing too much hay, while in the case of after a thorough preparation of the by driving too hard when starting out rally, by this plan, the roots penetrate

> who have had trouble with winter-killing should try this plan. Crimson clo- they are! It is the ver may be sown successfully anywhere it may be grown up to the 20th we must see to," of August.

Growing Potatoes. The quantity of seed potatoes re quired for an acre will depend a great deal upon the size of the potatoes and the size of the pieces each seed potato is cut into at planting time. As a general rule it requires from ten to twelve times part of it connot bushels planted in rows three feet sticks on the door. apart and eighteen inches apart in the row. This is supposing that the potatoes are of medium size and are cut so that each piece will have two or kiss." three eyes. The land should be rich. Loam, well fertilized with stable manure, is as good as any soil that can be had. If the potatoes can be planted on clover sod, so much the better. Prairie sod will grow good potatoes, provided the sod can be well cut up into mellow seed bed. Ordinarily the second year after breaking the prairie is better than the first. Ground which had no crop last year and was covered with weeds will contain a great number of weed seeds, and much labor will be required to keep the potatoes clean

Farm Notes. How are you feeding and caring for your work horses?

Is black water running away from your pocket.

helpful is to note the working of a certain kind of an implement and, without prejudice, give its good points to

see defects when talking to a neighbor. Neighbors should talk freely about the advantages and disadvantages of implements. Farm help is considered scarce, yet agricultural employment agency shows to perform this feat, which is very quite a number of men waiting for a simple, but, nevertheless, mystifying job on a farm. In fact, there is al- to everyone who has not seen it. ways help to be had if man and farm-

plies from the best and most intel-

Red and Crimson Clover. deeper into the soil, hence the danger eyes, until aunty cried out:

-Orange Judd Farmer.

the barnyard? Then there is a hole in man is ready for breakfast. These The milking machine, the grain can pass the breakfast to the little

One way by which neighbors can be another neighbor. There is a tendency among people to think more of "one's own things" than the things of dows, and the chimney, and the door, others and for that reason they do not and down cellar."

a call at the office of any large city er could be brought together conveniently. For this purpose advertis- he cannot hear what goes on. Then ing is one of the best means. A line the company names some object that lucky! Well, I wish there was a lot or two in papers circulating in the the absent player is to tell when he country districts is sure to bring re- turns.

ligent class of farm workmen. Potatoes are ready for digging as soon as the tops fall down. It is best to dig them early in the day and allow them to remain on the ground for a they would name some object, no mat have burned out, growing and filling few hours, when they should be taken ter what, you would guess it the first the spaces left in good shape. Horses to the farm and stored in a cool, dark, trial on your return. Did you hear the like orchard grass fed just after cut- dry place; but it is not advisable to object named? No, of course you place too many in a single heap. All didn't, for the door was closed and the the case with other grasses, as a rule. diseased or injured potatoes should be name was spoken in so low a tone While seed may be sown alone at the removed from the lot, or they will have that you could not have heard. Now, rate of three bushels per acre, and wift more or less effect upon the whole, as let me ask you: Was it a book?" "No." make good pasture, as a rule it is sown they will be the first to decay. Pota. "Was it a vase?" "No." "Was it a Some men never see anything but Argentina Wants Immigrants.

The Argentine Republic has offered a large tract of fertile land to Japan if it will send her 20 000 immigrants.

With clover and other seeds, using one-toes may be stored in mounds during chandelier?" "No." "Was it a chair?" mud while they are traveling through the winter, but are not easily utilized "No." "Was it a flower?" "Yes."

The writer has experimented with this in that condition.

Now, how did the player know that head.—Somerville Journal.



Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

Lester's New Game.



knew that he would name the real obnose and made him ject next, because a chair has four sneeze, and then after his face was washed the scrubbing of the chubby hands that were never idle and always needing cleaning followed. It seemed unnecessary and useless to the little fellow, and many a lusty protest was heard during the ordeal.

held firmly while

One happy day Lester's aunt came to make a visit at their home, and loving little boys and this especial one very dearly she volunteered her services.

Lester went into the bath room with "Now," said his aunt, when they were alone, "we are going to play a new game."

"Play a game to wash your face!

said the child. "How can you?" "Well, we will play this little face is a house that we are going to clean. red clover seed; that is, sow eight We won't hurry about it, because if pounds of crimson clover seed mixed we hurry sometimes the soapy water gets into the cracks of the house and makes the house cry."

> "That is funny. A house crying," "Well, first we will wash the roof

and the rosy cheeks were rubbed. "The two windows in the front of this house are dirty. Please draw soil by plowing and harrowing. Natuthem," and Lester obediently shut his MAKING OF RAILROAD CURVES. "Now the windows are clean! Just

> chimney now that she continued, and the little pug nose came in for its share of attention. "Next is a little

door, where lots of things pass in through, and some-We will wash that af clean so that it will be sweet enough to

When iceing is so DICE. "Isn't that funny?" said the little O'er a pan hats boy. "Kissing a

full of ice" "Well, now the door is clean I am going to taste the kisses. Aren't they sweet?" said aunty. "Now we go down cellar and see that it is cleaned nicely," and the little man held his chin up while the little throat and neck were

Why don't

They spread

little cake-

"Last of all come the telephones." "Telephones, where are they?" cried the child, with a little wriggle of de-

"Right here, dear," and the golden curls were lifted and the pink ears washed without the usual outcry. "Just one thing more, and my little

little shovels must be cleaned so they shocker and the field corn husker are door," and the dear little hands were machines that have not become an un. obediently held out for their cleaning. light parabolic curve from a point a "Now we will brush the curls and be ready when the breakfast bell rings."

"O aunty, will you play this game every time my face is washed?" "Yes, darling, and when I go home you can tell nurse to wash the top of the house, and the side, and the win- he cannot tell whether the track is

"And the telephones, aunty; don't forget them. They are the best part of the game," interrupted the child .-Youth's Companion.

Thought Reading Feat.

It takes two persons, boys or girls One of the performers leaves the room and the door is closed so that

When the object has been agreed upon the absent one is recalled and

the first performer says: "While you were out of the room I told the boys and girls here that if

| it was a "flower?" Simply because the Lester was a dear obedient little understanding between the two perfour-legged object just before he names soapy water crept the one that the company has agreed upon. When, therefore, he asked "Was it a chair?" his confederate

> Indefinitely Postponed. One day my little brother swallowed a marble. My mother ran to a neighbor's with him in her arms. The next day my little sister called

> at the same place. "When is your mamma coming over again?" asked Mrs. Marks. "Oh, when Georgie swallows another

> marble," said the little one. Sincere Admiration. Mary Jones Talbot was so fond of Grandma Jones that she often wished

> she "had been named after her." One day she sobbed out: "Why can't I be named after her now? I want my name changed from Mary Jones to Grandma Jones; it's such a sweet name!" Rather Hard on Father.

> criticism of Harold's composition, and concluded her remarks by saying: "I shall certainly report it to your father." "Why," said Harold, "he wrote it

Miss Grey was quite severe in her

for me.' Comparative Measurement. Four-year-old Norman's mother was reading a story to him one day about a man who had "a hen no bigger than his thumb," when he interrupted her

by asking, eagerly: "Why, mother, how big is a hen's thumb?"

A little girl had been naughty and was tied to a chair. She looked at her mother for a while and then said: "But I isn't any dog now, is I, mamma ?"

Delicate Engineering Is Required to Make Safe Riding. George Pullman once said, when asked the secret of easy riding, that the secrets are so many that no one can keep them. That is true, but the eas-

ing of curves is one of them. Curves, no matter how slight, have always been laid as arcs of true circles. The outer rail is raised according to the sharpness of the curve and the estimated speed of the trains that are to go round it. A mile-a-minute train on a one-degree curve needs an outer rail five inches higher than the inner rail; a slower train a lower elevation. It is clear from this explanation that a train going faster than the maximum for which the track is prepared would shoot off the ralls. Conversely, a slower train than the one provided for would grind the flanges off its wheels. Any road must strike a serviceable average for trains of varying speeds, and engineers must nurse their locomotives around the curves as close to it as possible. That puts an inevitable check on high speeds. The Empire State express once made a burst for straightaway section of track. A heavy curve would have shot the engine at that top speed a quarter of a mile across country. On most roads, however, sixty miles an hour is quite safe, though very costly.

To permit such speed the engineers of the last few years, in relaying tracks, instead of starting a true circle curve with the sudden life of the outer rail that causes the jolt and lurch that travelers know, have laid a hundred yards back on the straight track, and have elevated the outer rail imperceptibly along that curve to the maxim. The result of the deviceannihilation of curves as regards a passenger's senses. With eyes shut straight or curved .- World's Work.

Good Friday.

"Don't you really think Friday is an unlucky day?" "No, indeed! Why, it was on Fri-

street car and fell and broke his leg." "Why, that was unlucky, wasn't it?" "Unlucky! I guess not. He had all his doctor's bills paid by the fraternity he belongs to, got \$25 a week from an accident insurance company and the street car people are going to pay him \$1,000 to compromise the matter. Un-

A good man never blows his own horn, because he's too poor to own

Riches don't bring happiness, as a rule, but they pay house rent and the gas bill.

Look Up.

day that my husband tried to board a

more of such Fridays!"

Silence is sometimes as eloquent as a thunderstorm-as when, for instance, your mother-in-law looks at you, but speaks not.-Atlanta Constitution,